More Reminiscences.

By SIR F. C. BURNAND, Kt.,
(Editor of "Punch.")

NO II.

Brother Brushes. By Royal Command. "Daddy" and "B B" at Windsor castle. A Sweet Mellon. Miss Hughes. Salaries compared. Modern advantages. Old prices. Hard lines. Tom Robertson. A notable dramatist. The "Ancient P." Much in a name. His thoughtfulness. Conscientious actor. The wreck ashore. Grampus. Palgrave in Paris. A great reception. Decadence. Reminiscences. Peter Magnus. Afternoon. Signature. Postscript. "Next please."

AT THE scene painters' banquet, alluded to in my first paragraph, many notable names of scenic artists still with us were mentioned in the course of Mr. Harris' interesting speech and I think I heard that of Mr. Thomas Grieve. Of course the scene painting firm of Grieve & Telbin was famous during the greater part of the last century, at all events from the days of Madam Vestris up to a comparatively recent period. Whether they ever executed painting commissions apart from each other, or at what period their partnership was dissolved I do not remember, but at the foot of an interesting programme of a performance at Windsor castle I see a note which I here reproduce, barring, of course, the ornamental lace border and the embossed royal arms at the head of the royal play bill:

ROYAL ENTERTAINMENT.
BY COMMAND.

Her Majesty's Servants Will Perform at Windsor Castle.
ON THURSDAY, NOV. 29, 1860.
A Drama, in two acts, by J. Palgrave Simpson (adapted from M. M. Bayard and Duport's "La Fille de L'Avare") entitled,

DADDY HARDACRE.

Adam Hardacre.....Mr. F. Robson
Charles Clinton.....Mr. W. Gordon
Jobling .....Mr. G. Cooke
Adolphus Jobling..Mr. Horace Wigan
Esther Hardacre .....Miss Hughes
Mary .....Mrs. Stephens

After which a Dramatic Sketch by Mr. Montagu Williams, and Mr. F. C. Burnand, called,
"B B."

Mr. Benjamin Bobbin..Mr. F. Robson
Squire Greenfield.....Mr. G. Cooke
Bob Rattles.....Mr. Horace Wigan
Joe .....Mr. H. Cooper
Mrs. Puncheon .....Mrs. Stephens
Dorothy.....Mrs. W. S. Emden

Under the direction of.....
.....Mr. W. B. Donne
Stage Manager.....Mr. George Ellis

The Theatre Arranged and the Scenery Painted by Mr. Thomas Grieve.

Evidently Grieve was no longer in partnership with Telbin. The excellence of the caste in both pieces is noticeable. Miss Hughes (Mrs. Gaston Murray), was a very clever and a most charming actress, equally good in farce, comedy, pathos, or when singing and acting delightfully in the now much abused Extravaganza, or burlesque, a form of entertainment now displaced in favor of the sort of composite variety show which on the stage goes by the description of "musical comedy," or "eccentric musical comedy," or by any other jumble of words which may include some sort of dramatic action and plot, and so save the situation. Miss Woolgar (Mrs. Alfred Mellon) was one of the cleverest, as she was one of the most popular, actresses of her day. Her range of character was unlimited; she could make you die of laughter as a sluttish gutter snipe, and make you weep as a poor girl trapesing the streets, broken hearted by the loss of the child whose nurse she had been. She was as good in comedy as she was in farce or melodrama, and her dancing, singing and delivery of her lines, so that no point should be lost, combined to render her, as an actress in burlesque, unsurpassable. She was not exactly pretty, but peculiarly fascinating, and most graceful. Miss Hughes, whose limitations were a trifle narrower, was another of these pearls above price, who, could they be on the stage now, would be receiving four or five times the amount of the salary those first-class all-round actresses received in their own day.

The vogue of our farce brought grist to the Olympic mill, but nothing whatever beyond the beggarly sum which we received cash down for our work when Mrs. Keeley, Montagu Williams' mother-in-law, took it, read it and sold it to Messrs. Robson and Emden, managers of the Olympic. Nowadays such a chance would have been a little gold mine to the authors; then it sufficed to pay your food and lodging for a fortnight. "When my turn comes," growled Tom Robertson, shaking his clenched fist in the air as he came out of the stage door at the Haymarket, after failing to get the modest terms he wanted, "I'll make 'em pay!" And so he did, but not to anything like the extent that modern dramatists, with not a third of the talent and of the stage aptitude of Tom Robertson, are able to do. I suppose that "Daddy Hardacre" was one of little Robson's greatest successes. Did it bring to its adapter who at times was the third best man at this sort of work more than a hundred pounds or so? I doubt it.

Palgrave Simpson was a very superior sort, socially speaking, of dramatic author. In his youth he must have been strikingly handsome, and in middle age when I was first introduced to him, his was the sort of presence not to be ignored in a crowd. Seeing him, as I first did, got up "to the nines" in evening dress with brilliant shirt front, an expansive breast, on which you really felt an order of some sort ought to have been glittering, with his long black hair, now lightly tinged with gray (he never permitted its color up to the very last to betray his age) brushed back behind his ears, his head erect, his pointed black mustache waxed a la militaire, his eyes flashing, and his manner decidedly haughty, a stranger must have been deeply impressed with his appearance, and was bound to ask in an eager and subdued tone, "Who's that?"

The reply struck you at once. It was "Palgrave Simpson." "Palgrave" was magnificent. You thought of a "Landgrave," and then vaguely of some sort of a Palgrave in distant days of chivalry. Yes, he looked a Palgrave—whatever that might be. He looked a foreign count; and give him but a heavy cloak, a sombrero and a stiletto and he might have been a brigand chief, whose nobility of birth had to be ignored in the interests of the struggle for life. Yes, Palgrave was personally the ideal of the romantic dramatist, and the name was as it were a title. But if "Palgrave" suggested the count, the surname "Simpson" came in as the discount; Simpson without the Palgrave was absolutely nobody or anybody.

He was a good actor, too; he knew the stage thoroughly, though his methods were somewhat melodramatic. I have been told that as Grampus, in the "Wreck Ashore," he (the wicked smuggler) being "heard without," when trying to break into a house where the heroine is in deadly peril, is unsuccessful in accomplishing his fell purpose, as the unhappy and well nigh distraught lady, seizing a gun, which is fortunately at hand on the premises, fires through the keyhole and kills the scoundrel Grampus ere ever he can set foot on the stage and show himself to the audience. Now, most actors, professional and amateur, would be satisfied with saying: "That's all right, and now I'll change and go home to supper." But no such half measures suited Palgrave. The gun had been fired and he had been wounded mortally; on his death depended the piece, since if he were not dead all the trouble would begin again; no, the author intended Grampus to be wounded mortally and to die in agonies. And this Palgrave Simpson insisted on doing to perfection; down he went, and with no one to see him, except an accidental lounger at the wing or a few stage carpenters waiting the cue for their work, he rolled on the stage, dying hard up to the very last gasp, "blowing like a Grampus," when the necessities for changing the scene compelled him to rise in obedience to the polite but peremptory order of the stage manager, and to walk off to his dressing room. The amateur who blacked himself all over to play Othello had the same perfect and consistent idea of thoroughness as had "dear old Pal," alias Palgrave Simpson.

Palgrave had studied dramatic writing as a pupil of some dramatist of eminence in Paris. He is the only Englishman I have ever heard of who had taken that trouble to acquire an art in which, practically, there was, and is, no recognized apprenticeship—in England at the least—and in which experience is the best if not the only teacher. Yet must it always be, to a certain extent, admitted that—

"True ease in writing comes from art not chance,
As those move easiest who have learnt to dance."

Palgrave Simpson revelled in being mistaken for a distinguished foreigner, and indeed he played the part in everyday life admirably. On the occasion of my first visit to Paris he welcomed me in the kindest and most exuberant French style. He was playing the perfect Parisian to the life, and enjoying it immensely. In these days he was a fresh specimen of "the Early P," though there never was anything verdant about him.

In later years Palgrave became less natty in his dress; in fact a bit untidy; but always the foreigner, only of the superior Leicester-squareish type. His friends began to remark the difference between the "Early" and "the later P." He was always, however, up to the very last, the kindliest man, a veritable "sweet P." In very hot weather he had a habit of taking off his hat, mopping his ample forehead, and holding his hat in his hand. Once, overcome with the heat, he was standing with eyes closed, and hat in hand, by a lamp post in Piccadilly, when a short-sighted lady, of a benevolent turn stopped in front of him and dropped a penny into his hat, saying, "There, my poor man," and passed on. Palgrave woke up—started, and, as he told us afterwards, for it was from himself that the story came—not knowing exactly how to take the old lady's action; and so he settled the matter by giving the penny to the first crossing sweeper.

Occasionally he reminded me of Mr. Peter Magnus, who amused his friends by signing himself P. M. or "afternoon." So in the same light-hearted spirit would Palgrave Simpson occasionally sign himself "Yours truly, Post Script." He was good company was "the aged P," in the Garrick club smoking room: of a kindly, generous nature, he was a useful member of the Old Dramatic Authors' society, and he had plenty of anecdotes of the great world at home and abroad.

(To Be Continued.)

The Children of the Sprite

By Ernest Harold Baynes.

PART II.

FOR the first few days after the young foxes were born, the vixen never left them save for a few moments now and then, when she wanted food or water. She had a ravenous appetite, and ate a good deal of meat. "The Sprite," on the other hand, seemed to live chiefly on air, for I could not observe that he ate a mouthful. He was just as eager to get the food, but, instead of devouring it, he set it down on the ground in front of him and, wagging his tail, raised his hand for more. When he found that he had received all that was coming to him, he would pick it up, a piece at a time, until his mouth would hold no more and then he would run over to the den, put his head inside and make the clucking sound which I have mentioned before, as though calling his puppies to the feast. Then, finding no response, he would take away the meat, dig a hole and bury it. And he never tried to take away a piece of meat which the vixen had secured, as he often had done before the puppies had arrived, but when the vixen tried to take away any of his food he tried to prevent her, seemingly that he might offer it to the youngsters in the den. After he had buried it, I often saw the vixen dig it up and eat it.

The only food which "The Sprite" reserved for himself was the candy which we gave him now and then. The temptation to eat a caramel it seemed beyond his power to resist, and he would sit with closed eyes and calmly chew away until the last atom was gone, and then lick his lips and wag his tail for another.

Every now and then, if she saw any one watching her, the vixen would take one of the babies in her mouth, bring it out of the den, and hunt for some safe place to put it. Not finding one, she would often deposit the infant on the ground and then bring the others out, one by one. Here they would instinctively form as close a bunch as possible, lying one across the back of another, like a little heap of grain sacks. One day I saw "The Sprite," for the first time, take up a piece of meat to eat it. He chewed it, and was about to swallow it, when he caught sight of a pup lying on the ground near him. Up came the meat in an instant and, clucking significantly, he put down the food beside the youngster, but the vixen, who seemed to have more sense if less generosity, quickly gobbled it up.

One afternoon, when we were all away, some strangers came into the garden, and stood by the side of the fox cage until the vixen was in a frenzy of anxiety. The next day she had a fit, and on the following day she had nearly thirty fits and I was afraid she would die before we could get a veterinary surgeon, whom I telegraphed for at once. She seemed to waste away to a skeleton in the course of a few hours, her eyes were glazed and, as she no longer recognized her pups, I took them away. The doctor gave little hope for her recovery, but we carried out his orders to the letter and, save that she is still quite nervous, she has fully recovered from the attack. But we dared not give her the pups again, and they are now being brought up by hand.

During the vixen's illness, and before we took the pups away, it was most interesting to watch the actions of "The Sprite." He seemed to realize that something was wrong, and never mistook the strange actions of his mate for playfulness, though both foxes were in the habit of rolling on the ground when they played together. He was very restless, and walked about the cage, examining the pups and licking them from time to time. He did not attempt to carry them, but when one of them would crawl into some hole or corner beneath or behind the den, he would rake it out with his paws. He also offered them food and afterward buried it as usual.

When the young foxes were thirteen days old, their teeth began to come through the gums, and three days later they could bite a finger hard enough to make it uncomfortable. Even earlier than this, if they were caught up suddenly, they would give a little "yap" and snap at the offending hand. When they were fifteen days old, the eye of one young fox began to show signs of opening, but it was not until they were nineteen days old that all of them had their sight.

Before they were taken from their mother they hardly ever whined, but afterward they cried nearly all the time they were awake. They were fed with a medicine dropper at first and they took to it readily enough. They drank cow's milk or malted milk with equal relish, but the former seemed to sustain them the better. Every day we offered them meat, to find out how soon they would take an interest in it. On the twenty-first day, they were offered a bit of raw beef, and although they took no special notice of it at the moment, one of them presently found it for himself and began sucking it, meanwhile holding it down with his paws. When we attempted to take it away the little imp growled and tried his best to hold on to it.

At first their only cry was a wailing whine, but after a few days it became vibratory, sometimes sounding like the usual note of a screech owl, and on the seventeenth day I first heard an uncertain "wow-wow-wow" at the end of the whine.

They are now, at three weeks old, beginning to take a real interest in life. They toddle all about the floor, pausing, when they meet one another, to have a miniature rough-and-tumble fight, growling all the while as if they really mean it. In short, they take very strongly after their father, who was just about their size a year ago today.

UNION CRAZY MAN.

(New York World.)

A well-dressed man came into the office of Acting Postmaster General Wynne.

"You are an old newspaper man, are you not?" he asked of General Wynne.

"Yes," said Wynne.

"Well," said the man, "so am I. It so happens that I am confined at St. Elizabeth's insane asylum just at present, and I suppose I'm crazy or I would not be there, but I haven't lost my nose for news, and I know a good story when I see it. I don't know any of the correspondents now, and I come to you because I think this story should be printed."

"What is it?" asked Wynne, putting his thumb on the call button that summons all the messengers in the place.

"Why," said the visitor, "we have formed a union out at St. Elizabeth's—the Amalgamated Association of Patients—and there is going to be something doing. We have formulated a lot of demands as to nurses, and guards, and food, and all that, and if the governors don't accede to our demands we are going to strike sure as fate. If they don't grant us what we want we'll strike, and every man in the place will walk out and leave them without any patients. I'm the walking delegate."

And just there Wynne pressed the button, and the walking delegate was led outside.

IDENTIFICATION EASY.

(Chicago Evening Post.)

The saloonkeeper stepped into the bank to get a check cashed, but the paying teller gave him a cold stare. It would do the paying teller no good with his superiors to recognize the saloonkeeper, for the bank was inclined to be particular about the habits and associations of its employes.

"You'll have to be identified," said the paying teller.

"What!" cried the saloonkeeper.

"You'll have to be identified," repeated the teller, calmly.

"Now, see here, Charlie," exclaimed the saloon man, "if you're joking—"

"Don't block the way, please," interrupted the teller. "If you'll bring in some responsible party who knows you, I'll be glad to give you the money."

"Some responsible party!" repeated the saloon man. "Why, I own the saloon at the corner."

"Then you ought to have no trouble about identification," asserted the teller.

"Trouble! Identification!" the saloon man fairly yelled. "Why, anybody in the bank can identify me."

His voice carried far, and the way all the clerks in the vicinity "got busy" was most extraordinary. There wasn't one of them who could see him, although he tried vainly to attract somebody's—anybody's—attention.

Then the teller leaned forward confidentially.

"Get the president to identify you," he said. "He's the only one who can afford to do it."

A few minutes later the matter was straightened out, but as the saloon man counted the money he remarked rather bitterly to the teller:

"The next time you want something with a little bitters in it put on the slate you'll have to be identified. Don't forget that. I never saw you before myself."